

The Journal

BY S. J. ROW.

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TROUTING ALL ALONE.

I went trouting, I went trouting,
And the morning Sun a-sent
Through its amber glances slyly
Where the birds their mates chide;
And the nooks held winking shadows
On their drowsy dunks of stone,
And he who my heart asked nothing,
I went trouting all alone.

Oh, I angled where the water
Swept the pebbles clear and slow,
And the sky smiled down upon me,
And the brook laughed up below;
But a trout was never started,
Where the silver eddies shone,
And my heart kept asking softly
Why I trouted all alone.

Then there came a brown-haired phantom—
And how true to life it seemed!
Looking up with dimpled smiling
Where but now the ripples gleamed:
So I smiled to see it smiling,
But the phantom face had flown,
And a maiden stood beside me
Who'd gone trouting all alone.

Then the morning hurried swiftly,
And the moon stood in the sky,
But a trout had never started,
Though I couldn't tell you why;
And there came a promise softly,
Ere the evening's crimson shone,
That whenever we went trouting,
We'd go trouting all alone.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Towards the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G—, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of the State. He had traveled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1837.

Being an only son and left among strangers, after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through the several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G—. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery, struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment, if possible, and make it his future home.

While walking along the principle street of the shady avenue overlooking the lake, and on which were located several fine churches and other public buildings, he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the names of their favorite candidates, to the top of the flag staff. The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were turned to the half masted flag. A portion of the opposition party who were grouped a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

At length Judge S—, editor and publisher of the G— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, ordered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel. The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will nobody volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look, exclaimed: "Yes sir; I'll climb it!"

"You, my lad: are you strong enough?"
"Oh, yes, sir; I am used to climbing."
"Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it wavered and trembled with his weight. Nothing daunted he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joined in the universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S— looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket book to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action, and exclaimed, "Keep your money, sir, I don't want any pay for helping to raise the American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man: what is your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir, I am an orphan, and have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.

"Well, you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I'll take care of you for the future."

Five years passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S— had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the mysteries of the "Art of Arts." He had become a general favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child. But this, George had never dared to dream of, his true love never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it did make his muscles twitch to see the foppish students from the college swarm around the idol of his heart. Poor youth! he had known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or saucy wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstasy and delight.

One fine day, in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht—the Swan—which had won the cup at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was at present standing with his hand on the mast gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of the wind carried the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to her rescue.

Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above the water till the Judge turned the boat and came to her relief. In a few moments they were safe in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George and exclaimed, with tears starting from his eyes: "God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life, how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George—"I now have a thousand times more than I can ever repay, and am too happy in being able to render even this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father even observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence regarded the boat towards the shore. They reached home with feelings far different from those they started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to meet the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what can it mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced: "Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, performing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper, or let it on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposals?"

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on his bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself had scarcely dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living on his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the social-mongers of G— as to the cause of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion, but their insinuations were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew a shade paler. The Judge acted towards him in a straight-forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and a nod were all that passed, till he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood rushed from his loving heart, and tinted his cheeks with the tell tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thoughts that her look was beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election: the best of the Judge, and Judge S— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes, farmers, mechanics, and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers in that Congressional District copied them, and curiosity was on tip-heel to discover the author, as they were impliedly signed by two little "stars." The election passed off, and Judge S— was elected by a large majority. Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange that it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quickly. A slight misty haze, which caused the heart of one of them to beat violently. At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George fast asleep, with his head resting upon his arm. As Ida's father stepped forward to awake the sleeper, he observed several political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article with the mysterious "stars" attached. The "stars" flashed upon the Judge in a moment; he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida, who came trembling to his side. Just then they saw by the light of the flickering lamp, a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words "dear Ida" in a tender tone.

"Oh, father," exclaimed the loving girl affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "do let George come home again; it is surely no sin for him to love me." Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, he endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him saying, laughingly: "It won't do, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye, ha! ha! But come here, take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you! ha! ha! ha!" George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm-hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started to Washington.

The circulation of the New York Herald had been intercepted at Atlanta, Georgia.

INTERESTING FROM PENSACOLA.

Fort Pickens, at Pensacola, had long been the Fort Sumter of the secessionists of the extreme South. With that solitary fort standing alone, surrounded by hostile batteries, and yet defying attack, the Stars and Stripes still waving defiance and threatening punishment to all traitors, the biggest brag amongst them dared not fire a shot. Batteries, however, were raised, and others strengthened, troops poured in, mounting war, all the deadly implements of siege trains continually arrived, but the fate of Sumter had roused the indignation of the North, and it was resolved that it should be the last of the forts to succumb to rebellious foes.

The secessionists have raised powerful batteries, all commanding Fort Pickens. Fort McRea, since the appearance of our fleet, has been abandoned, as it lay completely at the mercy of any of the large ships. The heaviest battery is named the "Lightning," it is a mortar battery, several being columbiads. There is a second battery called "The Three Columbiads Battery," of great strength. There is also the "Mortar Battery," expected to do terrible work on Pickens when they pick up courage to make an attack, but all idea of that has been exploded, the only explosion after all likely to occur in that quarter. This mortar battery has been artfully and skillfully erected. It is built on a stump of trees, and in the early days of Gen. Bragg's heroic aspirations it was supposed that while it was doing its work upon the fort, the besieged would be unable to tell where the fire came from. The batteries are all masked. They are formed of sand bags, covered with deep layers of hides, but they are indifferent constructions compared with the batteries erected by the United States troops on the other side of the island, and which command the body of the camp and quarters. Some time ago Gen. Bragg's men were busy night and day carrying shot and shell, and powder to the different fortifications, but lately activity has given place to idleness and insubordination. Gen. Bragg has abandoned one of his pet projects. This was to sink the floating dock, but his purpose coming to the ears of Col. Brown, in command of Fort Pickens, the latter notified Bragg that the attempt made for such a purpose would be the signal of opening fire upon the whole camp and all. Bragg replied that he would sink the dock at all hazards; but he didn't try, and there it yet floats.

The number of secession troops at Warrington is between six and seven thousand, and at Pensacola some fifteen hundred. Of the whole force the only disciplined, equipped and armed soldiers are the Zouaves, numbering about six hundred. They came from Louisiana, and are really a very fine lot of men, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue and privations.

Our informant relates the particulars of an intended night attack upon Fort Pickens, which he had from General Bragg himself. It appears that a plan had been laid to seize the fort by night, the secessionists being prompted to their design by the treachery of one or two parties, who during the day, had access to the fort. In carrying out their plan the enemy's engineers paid visits to the island every night for a while back. On the appointed night two of the embrasures were left open. Five hundred men were entrusted with the duty of entering and taking possession, seizing the sentinels and making an indiscriminate attack upon the affrighted garrison. Bragg himself, at a signal, was to cross over with his whole force, and complete the capture. Fortunately, upon that very night, the Wyandott, with reinforcements, grounded off the fort, and threw a signal of three miles, and ordered the garrison, and the signals of the ship were returned from the ramparts. The plan of seizure was thus frustrated, and immediately after a strong force of brave and loyal men was thrown into the fort, with a large supply of provisions. That was the first and likely will be the last attempt of the gallant Bragg to reduce Ft. Pickens. Our informant states that the greatest activity prevails in the fort and in the vicinity of the island, and that the garrison is daily exercised at the guns at target practice. The secessionists look on grimly enough, but not untritequely express surprise at the accuracy of the firing. But surprise is changed to consternation when the large ten-inch Dahlgren gun vents forth its sulphurous discharge, the effects of which, if turned on themselves, loaded with deadly missiles, they can conceive from the distance it throws its shot. This gun throws shells with almost unerring accuracy a distance of three miles, and which, on bursting, scatters destruction all around. The fleet frequently maneuvers in the presence of the secessionists. At first they rather liked it, as it relieved the monotony of their lives; but lately they seem not to like the place at all, and are stealing off as quickly as a strict surveillance permits.

NEWPORT NEWS POINT.—The origin of the name of this Point, lately made notorious by the advance of Gen. Butler's force, is thus explained: "The early colony on James River was at one time reduced to a straitened condition, and some of its members started down the James River, with the intention of proceeding to England. They reached the bend in the river, which is at present an object of interest, and paused for some days. When they were about to sail, they saw a ship coming up the Roads, bearing the British ensign. They delayed till it should arrive. It proved to be Lord Newport's ship with his Lordship on board, who brought the intelligence that the ship which he colony had long before dispatched to England for supplies, and which was many months overdue, was near at hand, bringing much needed relief. Meantime, his Lordship distributed provisions among the colonists, who, from these circumstances, named the place 'Newspoint's News,' on account of the good tidings which his Lordship brought to them."

RENOVATION.—The editor of the New England Farmer, says that a gentleman residing in Cambridge informs him that charcoal placed around the roots of a diseased peach stock is serviceable. He immediately removed the soil from around the trunk of a sickly tree in his garden, supplied its place with charcoal, and was surprised at its sudden renovation and subsequent rapidity of growth and the tenacity with which the fruit held on to the branches, and the unusual richness of its flavor when matured.

Ex-Gov. Porter, who has been absent for over a year in Texas, returned to his home in Harrisburg, Pa., week before last.

BRAZIL.—REV. J. C. FLETCHER RECENTLY DELIVERED AN EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING LECTURE ON BRAZIL, BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

According to the Reverend gentleman, this empire, of which we know so little, is a splendid affair, and bigger by 70,000 square miles than the whole United States and Territories. As school boys all know, it comprises the greatest river in the world—the Amazon—with its innumerable tributary streams, many of them great water courses. It has a rich soil, magnificent forests, elegant floral productions, and a splendid climate. It is a land the production of whose surface might be labeled drugs, medicines and dye stuffs, and beneath whose surface are silver, gold and precious stones. Brazil is composed of twenty provinces, with twenty independent legislatures, the general government being stationed at Rio Janeiro. The form of government is a constitutional monarchy, almost a democracy. The press is free, and almost as enterprising as that of Yankee land, with its phonographic reports of interesting speeches and lectures, parliamentary discussions, &c., with the interpolations and funny remarks. The right of trial by jury is guaranteed, and the freedom of religious worship, except that Catholics alone, are allowed to have steeples to their churches. The free negroes are a superior race to those of our country, the effect of freedom having been to elevate them, and many of them, are the best educated persons in the country and hold high positions. Their intellectual culture makes one forget their color. Amalgamation is rare; slavery is in course of gradual extinction, and will in a few years cease to exist. An income of \$50 per year constitutes the qualification to vote, and the negro shares in the privilege like any other citizen. England and France have managed to build up a great and powerful commerce with the empire, while we have been equalled even by *efete* Spain and Portugal. The English manufacturers distribute their goods gratis for a year, and in that manner secure a great market for their goods at remunerating prices. A steam mail line, however, is need to enable American merchants to compete successfully with their European rivals, who are now reaping the great benefits of such a facility. There are but very few Americans in Brazil.

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer, Babi, enumerated eight hundred and sixty, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects. Adlung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand six-hundred languages and dialects existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this may well be believed to be the case, throughout the world at large. It is said there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other. Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Babi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty to Asia, five hundred and seventy to Oceania—by which is understood a division of the vast number of islands that stretch between Hindoostan and South America.

VERACITY.—The groundwork of all many character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common is it to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He must have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me, if he speaks the truth." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchor-ground, there is substance at the centre. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and true, so long as they erring brother is true. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it, and to an immense extent that is saying that we cannot act at all. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire.

OMITTING TOO MUCH.—A good-natured money-making, up-country Janathan, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony; having no particular regard for appearances, he was the first to put up with a girl to put up with the tacking. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that "it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that;" on tying the knot he said "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that; it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the bride by the hand, and, clasping his finger to his nose, said, "Square, it is customary to give the married five dollars—'but I believe I'll omit that.'"

A country couple, newly married, stopped at a hotel at Brighton, Eng., recently, and the groom called for some wine. When asked what kind he would have, he replied: "We want that kind of wine where the cork pops out and the liquor boils up like soap-suds."

An ambitious young lady was talking very loud about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered her interlocutor that she cared very little about what she ate compared with knowledge.

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

To rob a man of his money is to wound him in the chest.

A MILITARY PIG.—DURING THE LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN A VERY REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE OCCURRED IN CONNECTION WITH THE INVASION OF CANADA.

A company of Kentucky volunteers destined for Shelby's army had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country. When they marched from Harrodsburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the contest, was observed to follow them. At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also. The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferryboat, the pig on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and then waited on the other side until the whole cortege crossed over, and then renewed its post on one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the State of Ohio and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had shared, and if the pig fared scantily as the rest at times, it still grunts on, and manifests as much patriotism in its own line as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the Lake she embarked with the troops and went as far as Ball Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a military pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain. After the campaign had closed, the troops re-crossed the Lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this time the winter frost had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out however to reach Maysville, where the troops re-crossed the Ohio river. There she gave out and was placed in trusty hands by Gov. Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's house, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence. There are many in Kentucky who can now attest the truth of this remarkable story.

LABOR.—There is a vast amount of foolish discussion and false sentiment in regard to the respectability of labor professions. Every individual parent is almost every province of human well-being is respectable, honorable and dignified. The chimney-sweeper is only a vulgar laborer, and his calling a mean one, when he sinks below and demeans his toil. Let him pursue his work steadily and earnestly, and he is entitled to as much respect as the telescope maker. The profession of labor has no essential merit in itself, beyond being more or less productive; the merit belongs to the manner of its pursuit. Some pride themselves on living above and independent of labor, scorning all its pursuits as low and ignoble. Such are drones, who eat what they do not earn, and it is sufficient punishment for them that they can see nothing in their desire or destiny but an utter antipode to the generally revealed character of God and man. Others pride themselves upon the exclusiveness or aristocracy of a profession, as though honor and dignity came to labor from isolation instead of from honest and independent labor honorable, in proportion as they could handle it without soiling their gloves. It is hard to say which of the two is most vulgar, he who decries and scorns all labor that is soiled or soiling—all common, every day toil—or he who values labor only as it is begrimed with dirt, and turns up his nose at the man who works with hands and face cleaner than his own. Both are immensely vulgar, and both will have to learn manners before they truly understand the nature and dignity of honest labor.

THE UNION GUN COMPLETE.—The monster "Union" gun, recently cast at the Fort Pitt Works, has been completed, and is now being removed to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, whence it will be shipped to Washington, and thence to Old Point Comfort, with as little delay as possible. It is intended for Fortress Monroe, and will be put in position immediately on its arrival at that point. The "Union" is heavier than the "Floyd," and will throw a ball between six and seven miles. It is perhaps the heaviest piece of iron artillery ever manufactured, and the result of the experiments which it is proposed to make with it will be looked for with interest.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.—Cast your eye upon that noble brick house. How firm it stands, and how durable it seems! Displace one brick from its walls, and the effect is hardly noticeable. But repeat the practice every day, and although it may take weeks to accomplish, sooner or later you will have the structure crashing down to the ground. So it is with a business, from which each month, you detach a certain sum to pay interest on borrowed money. The loss is barely felt at first; but, as time rolls on, and the drainage is indulged in, you find yourself tottering to a certain fall.

A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into another pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

Printing ink will probably be made contraband of war. There is not a manufactory of this article south of Philadelphia. During these troublous times the article is quite as dangerous as gunpowder.

The Ohio Statesman, says: "There are now in the State Arsenal in this city, 22,000 caplock U. S. muskets; 1,000 Sharp's carbines; 1,000 Enfield rifles, and 1,000 rounds fixed ammunition."

Samuel W. Black, Governor of Nebraska, is a true Union man, and is making it all right for his successor.

THE JOURNAL.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS.

JUNE 8.—The Navy Department has received dispatches from Capt. Richie of the United States steamer, Saranac, dated Bay of Panama, May 22d, in which he says, after acknowledging the receipt of the President's proclamation in regard to pretended letters of marque, having been notified by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company of the supposed presence of privateers in the Pacific: "I had partly anticipated the order of the Department by directing commander Bissell, now at Acapulco, to cruise with the Cyane between that port and Manzanilla, and have also dispatched an order to Commander Porter at San Francisco to expedite the repairs on the St. Mary's, and when in readiness for sea to repair at once to Manzanilla and co-operate with Capt. Bissell in affording protection to the mail steamers along the most exposed line of coast."

There are fifteen vessels of war now in the Gulf of Mexico, twelve on the Atlantic coast, and ten in the Chesapeake and Potomac. Every exertion is being made to add to this list with the least possible delay.

A man named Bennet, who was arrested by the rebels for shoeing a U. S. Cavalry horse a week ago, about eight miles from Washington, was hung on Saturday at Manassas Junction. He was a Virginian.

JUNE 4.—Captain Kennedy, the commander of the Union Home Guards, of Williamsport was at Chambersburg, in a forward movement of troops in that direction. Captain Kennedy reports that Allen's regiment of rebel infantry left on Friday night, taking with them their two brass field-pieces. The ford opposite Williamsport is guarded by a company of dragoons, and all the crossings above Harper's Ferry are guarded by cavalry, except that at Sheppardstown.

The troops at Chambersburg will make a forward movement very soon. Brigadier General Thomas of the regular army, will lead the advance brigade. The first movement will be made direct to Hagerstown. McMullin's Rangers has been assigned to lead the forlorn hope, supported by the Scott Legion.

Major General Banks will be ordered to a command at Baltimore, or to Fortress Monroe, to co-operate with General Butler. In the latter case Butler will superintend the offensive operations against Norfolk and Richmond, under the direction of General Banks.

The Secretary of War has approved of Gen. Butler's course in regard to the runaway slaves at Fortress Monroe. The General will employ them and keep an account of their work, and the value of it, and of the cost of their maintenance.

When the rebels retreated from Williamsport they burnt a bridge crossing a creek between that place and Falling Waters, in Virginia. The bridge at Sheppardstown, across the Potomac at that point, is mined and ready to blow up.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 31st inst. says that the U. S. Steamer *Brooklyn* had captured the bark *H. J. Sparring*, from Rio Janeiro bound to New Orleans with a cargo of coffee valued at \$120,000. She was sent to Key West.

Thirty-two Union men, from Berkeley, fled to Williamsport to-day to escape being pressed into the rebel army, leaving their wives, children, and property behind. A number have also arrived at Hancock from Martinsburg.

About 200 rebels remain on the Virginia side, near Sheppardstown, and the Union men in Maryland are anxious that the Maryland secessionists who are still going into Virginia should only return to be punished as traitors.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Post*, of the 31st of May, says that a portion of the Confederate troops have been ordered away from Pensacola, there being little apprehension of a fight there at present.

At head quarters the number of Harper's Ferry Rebels is believed to be from 7,000 to 12,000, according to trustworthy information received in Baltimore direct from Harper's Ferry.

The Louisville *Journal*, in an editorial says that Gen. Anderson will take no military command there, but will go to the mountains of Pennsylvania on account of failing health.

The Mobile journals announce that their harbor is beginning "to feel the first blast of the condign vengeance of Lincoln," the Powhattan having inaugurated a blockade.

Mrs. Taylor, of Washington, has received intelligence that her brother, the sheriff of the county of Fairfax, was one of the rebels killed at the battle at Fairfax Court House.

The screw steamer *Peelers*, supposed to have been purchased in Canada for the use of the Rebels, has been seized at Quebec by orders of Mr. Giddings, our consul.

Intelligence has been received from the Mediterranean Squadron. It is now on its way home, and will add three fine steam vessels of war to the blockading squadron.

News received from Sharpsburg, Maryland, states that the rebels have sent over 500 sick back to Winchester, the prevailing disease being small-pox and diarrhoea.

Reports from Fairfax Court House declare that strong reinforcements have been made in that vicinity, and that the troops now there number from 4000 to 6000.

The steamer *Powhattan* captured the *Mary Clinton*, from Charleston to New Orleans, off the Pass, on the 31st of May, with a full cargo of rice, peas, &c.

The Border-State Convention, which had assembled at Frankfort, Kentucky, adjourned on the 3d, *sine die*, after adopting the National and State address.

It is reported, that 15,000 secession troops have concentrated in West Tennessee under Maj. Gen. G. J. Pillow, as commander-in-chief.

Col. Kelly, wounded at the battle of Philadelphia, and reported dead, is still alive, and hopes are entertained of his speedy recovery.

The rebel prisoners, numbering about forty, are still on board the steamer *Powhattan* at Washington, and are exceedingly well treated.

Manual labor is stagnant at Nashville, Tennessee, and there is at least 6000 unemployed negroes in the city.

The sloop *Pensacola*, nearly ready for service, carries 44 guns, and a long pivot gun. Twenty-five Union men reached Williamsport having been driven out of Virginia. Gen. Twiggs has been put in command of the Military Department of Louisiana. A Union man of Berkeley, charged with being a spy, was shot last week. The mail was seized by the rebels at Martinsburg on Tuesday 4th.